The Bystander, October 23, 1918.—No. 777. Vol. LX.

The BYSTANDER

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Sketching "Yanks"

This sketch has "U.S.A." all over it. It was done by an Army Pupil—British Army not American—and is put here as an example of the *original work of character* which my Postal Drawing Courses teach.

Pupils are continually saying nice things about "the study which is *all* pleasure." The following came from one at Herne Hill:—

"... must say that if the Lessons to come equal in interest and inspiration the one I already have, then I should imagine you are entitled to ask whatever Fee you like."

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If you are in the habit of "jotting things down roughly" it is probable that correct inspiration and guidance will put you on the path to big improvement. You can learn how others have developed in this way by sending a p.c. for my

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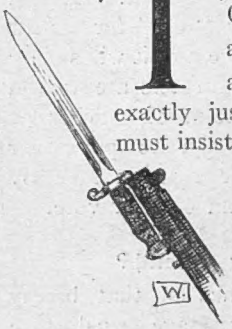
If you send a copy of this Pupil's Sketch, or an original Drawing (preferred), I will forward you a helpful Criticism *and* my two Prospectuses, quite Free. A p.c. alone will bring you both Prospectuses. Percy V. Bradshaw, Principal.

THE PRESS ART SCHOOL
(Dept. B.63), Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.23

BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY



The "Key Point" of the famous 14

THE news of the collapse of German militarism has let loose all the Tailors of Tooley Street and other friends who know exactly just the kind of terms the Allies must insist upon. The German Army must be broken up, Krupps must go out of business, our war bill of so many thousands of millions must be paid by the Germans, and last, but not least, the Kaiser must be hung at Pentonville. No mention is made about the Crown Prince returning the two saltspoons he is alleged to have stolen from the French countess, but they will, doubtless, be mentioned in the next note of the Allies. Meanwhile, we may remind ourselves that the terms of peace will be settled for us by our Governments, and not by the loquacious neighbour next door.

Demobilisation

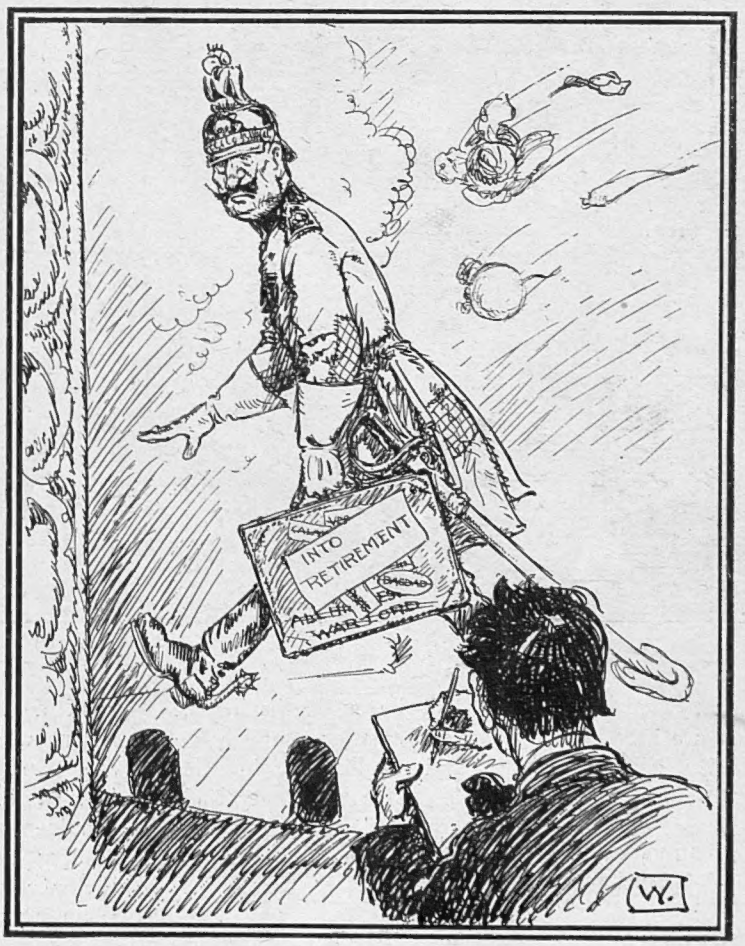
THE question of demobilisation does not seem to be very carefully considered just now. There is talk of demobilising the married men first and then the men of long service. But in view of the delicate state of the labour market, it would certainly appear that the first men to be discharged should be those who have jobs that are being kept open for them. This would make a very good beginning, as the number of such men is greater than the authorities appear to be aware of.

Is it Surrender?

WE can hardly keep pace with the onrush of victories, and are far too much out of breath to sprint with rumour. Wednesday night's legends were as likely as not a cheerful anticipation of events. At least, I do know that the frugal war-dinner in more than one Ministerial home was left uneaten. It is a wonderful world just now, and the words that I write this evening may pale before the swelling realities of to-morrow. Peace *must* come, and very quickly, for several reasons. The first, which is the only one that matters, is that our invincible men are winning it.

Our Women and the War

LAST week's news left our women aghast, and peace, when it does come, will find them unhappy and very suspicious. This war, with its agony, has entered their very souls. The little lads who call them mother must never share the sufferings of their fathers. I simply do not believe that these English women will ever have truck with Germans again. Their demand is for tremendous punishment of the enemies of all that is dear to them. They loathe the idea of a war's end that leaves Germany untouched, her cities unspoiled, and her women without such memories of invasion as will be a warning for all time to come. For my part, I am very sorry that we have no women amongst our peace negotiators. Men *do* forget so quickly and they are too trustful and often quixotically generous. Perhaps, though, Mr. Wilson will be stern enough. He has fine phrases, but they clothe stern intentions.



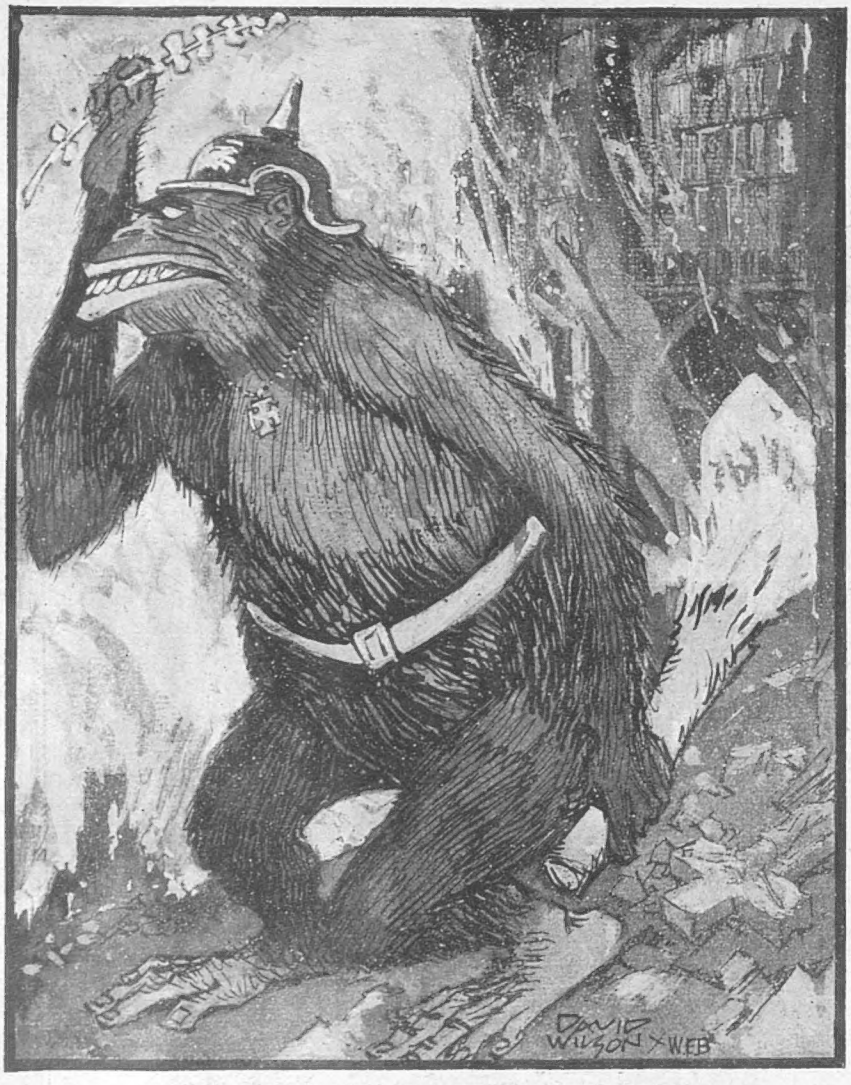
THE "INDISPENSABLE"

THE CARTOONIST: "Here, stop! What am *I* going to do if you go off the stage?"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Those Fourteen Points

In war, as in everything else, the loser pays, and the demands of the winner may very properly vary with his growing success. To me Mr. Wilson's points mean nothing, except that he is on the war-path and has lapsed into rhetoric. After all, why have fourteen points for the Hun when the Ten Commandments are believed to be sufficient for the whole world. Those Ten Commandments, by the way, would cover every phase of Prussian enormity, and an up-to-date application of them would provide admirable guarantees. If we allow the Huns to stagger back to Germany, it must only be on the basis that they are harmless there, and that they can only be if ships, guns, aeroplanes, and the like are luxuries beyond their reach. Therefore we must empty their pockets, and keep them empty. That, in the long run, will be the heaviest punishment on them and the most effective safeguard for us.



"PUT UP *BOTH* HANDS, YOU BRUTE"

The Election?

Is the election to be forced on us or not? Peace negotiations and the big clear-up will take a long time; if those negotiations take place in a pleasant corner of the world—such as Paris is—possibly a very long time. Certainly no election should be held while they are in conduct. And if the war be nearly over, why should we not wait until the war-winners have returned and are able to vote when they have seen the candidates and heard their speeches, and measured their worth? It surely is ridiculous to ask for a mandate for a stern peace. Similarly it would be monstrous to ask for a mandate for reconstruction when the issues have not been submitted and the chief participants cannot be directly consulted. If the general election is not definitely "off" for a year or so, it should be. If it takes place now it will simply mean that Ministers are so keen on a new term of office that they will begin to pay their debt to our fighting men by cheating them of their vote.

Who is for Ostend?

One thinks of that breezy little passage and the happy place that welcomed us. There will be little left of the Kursaal we may be sure, and when the gamblers gather together again and the game is called many a chair will have a strange occupant. I foresee no season for Ostend for 1919, but have great hopes for 1920. We must continue to befriend Belgium and help her to forget her misery. Then there is Epsom. I wonder what the odds are as to a Derby there in the spring? Why not? The stands are waiting, the course is covered with rich, if a little rank, turf, and the entries for the first after-the-war Derby are, I am told, splendid. We shall quickly pick up some of the threads of the old life and enjoy things, immensely even if money *be* a little tight.

A Fruitless Raid

After the big race at Newmarket some genius ordered a round-up of everyone in khaki—officers and men. Was it really necessary? The explanation—so I am told—is that Hun spies are very keen about wearing British uniforms, and are passionately fond of winning from British bookies. Frankly, it is a little far-fetched, and, unless there is a genuine foundation for it, fails to justify a proceeding that might even make DORA blush. By the way, what is to happen to the DORA people when that nasty person is laid to rest? We cannot make all of them military police and that sort of thing, and their cultured tricks of fussy interference are scarcely likely to leave them with their jobs. The war has found for us some very splendid and also some quite nasty folk. Peace

(*Continued on page 142*)

A Daniel Come to Judgment

SHAKESPEARE CARRIED A STAGE FURTHER

PORTIA (*President Wilson*): ". . . Be assur'd. Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st"
SHYLOCK (*the Hun*): "I pray you give me leave to go from hence. I am not well. Send the deed after me"
PORTIA (*sotto voce*): "Oh! *Your 'deeds'* will come after you right 'nough. Don't you worry!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

will have its personal problems and we must solve them brightly.

"Das Lied ist aus!"

STUDENTS of German minor verse of the seventies will be familiar with the florid lines celebrating in a dirge-like way, the capture of the Emperor of the French at Sedan from an alleged French standpoint. Two French soldiers who had been prisoners of war in Russia learned on reaching the German frontier that the French army had been defeated and, what was evidently regarded as the greater evil, the Emperor had been taken prisoner. In the verses in question, one soldier says there is nothing left but for them to lie down and die, and when the other murmurs something about having a wife and child to look after, he protests that wives and children should be sent out to beg when they are hungry. Nothing matters in the face of such a disaster as the capture of an Emperor. *Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser, gefangen!* It will be interesting to note, at the present turn of Fortune's wheel, whether the same sentiments still inspire German rhymsters, now that William is practically in the position once occupied by Louis Napoleon.

MELTING AT LAST

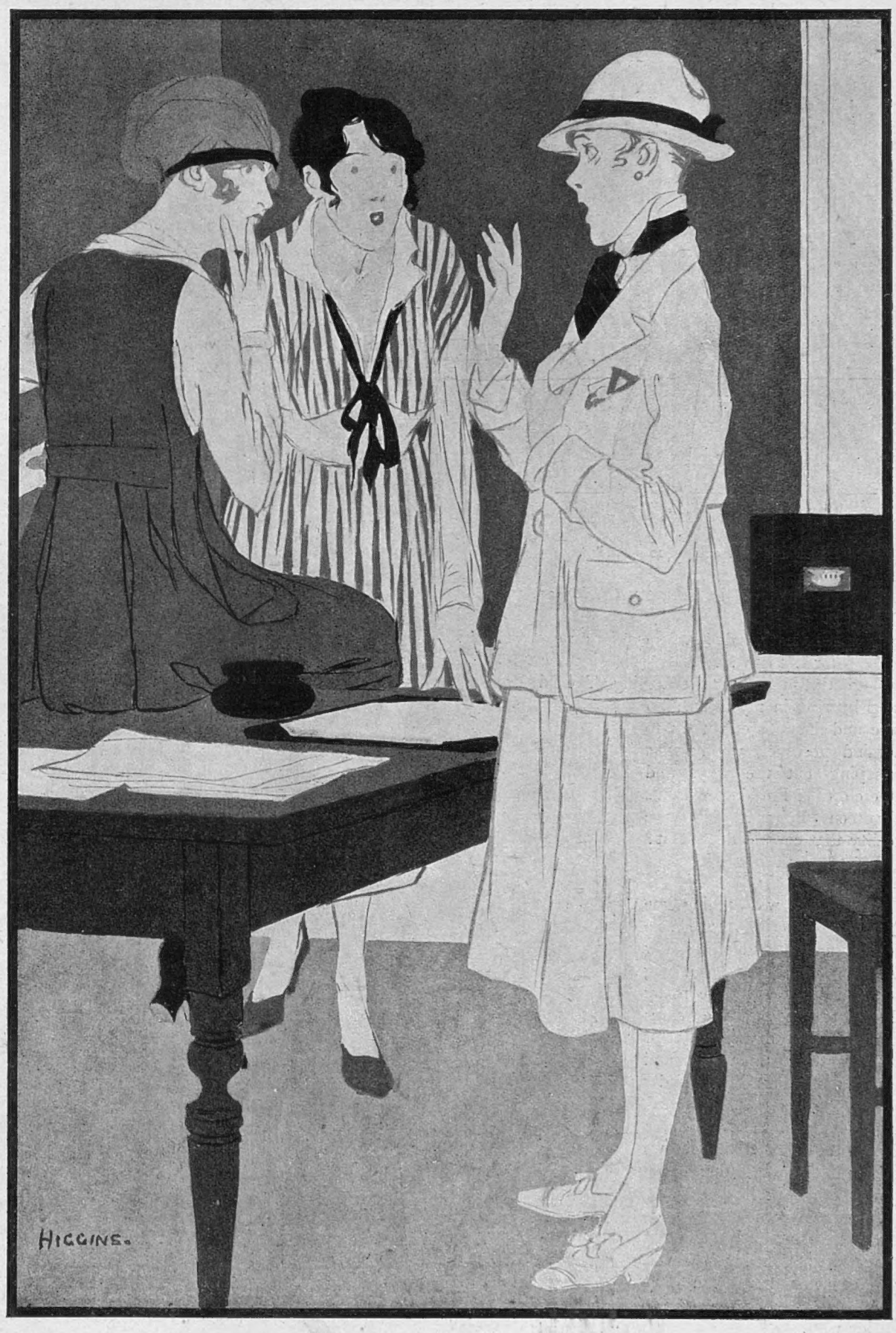
Physic for the Beast

A LONG time ago I remember visiting Jamrach's the great dealer in wild animals. They had a seedy tiger in a cage, whom they had been endeavouring to dose for some days, but he always detected the drug camouflaged in a meat ball, and refused to touch it. So they decided to rope him. In no time, as it seemed, the experienced trainers had the great cat lashed down on his back by all four paws, where he lay, his tail switching with concentrated rage, and his yellow fangs snapping at everything within reach. With scant ceremony they rammed the raw medicine down his throat, and released him. He was not a bit grateful, but it did him good; and now Germany has got to take her medicine. The allied generals have got her pinned down, the taste is going to be bitter, and we may be sure that she will not appreciate the attention—yet. But in the end it will do her a power of good!

What will happen to the Kaiser?

A FEW of us at the club the other evening were speaking of Wiertz's picture of "Napoleon in Hell," and from that the conversation declined easily enough to "What will happen to the Kaiser after the war?" Will he commit suicide decently with the "bright German sword"; will he eat out his braggart heart on some island (to send him to Elba, as has been suggested, would be profanation!); will some public-spirited German citizen assassinate him; or will he finish as a "star-turn" on the Moss Empire circuit? He might go mad, like some lesser Lear, but this at least is certain, he will not have the decency to share the fate of his common soldiers, and die like a man—fighting.

The Deportment of our Department



Ivy—who always has a sensational reason for being late in the morning

"IN ENGLAND -NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"
Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Dance and wait and dance again"

LONDON, *October* 21, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

DEEDS not words . . . An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth . . . Vengeance is mine . . . Unto the uttermost farthing. The old saws keep buzzing in my brain. So nice and simple, aren't they, to a mind positively woolly with worrying out the whys and wherefores of President Wilson's Fourteen Points? It's the reality that counts, doesn't it?

卐 卐

AN officer was telling me yesterday that the sole job of himself and others now is a clearing-up one—just nosing out and doing down the many dirty little tricks the Huns have left behind them in their retreat, such as mines and bombs and things hidden under bodies that the quixotic British try to bury—with fatal results. Or that crucified kitten we heard of the other day which another too kind-hearted party of our men went to rescue—and we e blown to bits straight away by another device of this gallant enemy that some of us seem actually inclined to parley with.

"The gentle Germans"

NOT, of course, that these are anything super-extra in the way of atrocities when the Hun really gets going. When you think of the way they're still treating our most unfortunate men who are their prisoners of war, while *we're* still cheerfully "negotiating" with them about "guarantees" and things! Not to mention brilliant little feats of arms like the sinking of the "Leinster," which, as Lord Denbigh remarks, they'd be selling medals by the million, like the "Lusitania" ones, to celebrate, only that they've got other things to think about just now.

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REALLY, you know, I think when we do look back we shall look on this fifth October of the war as one of the strangest months of all the strange months we have lived through since 1914. Talk after talk, prophecy after prophecy, about the end of the war, and all the time the bitterest, bloodiest fighting of all the war. The Boche handing out hot air about peace and democracy and evacuation and restoration with one hand *and* with the other hand sending to a sudden and dreadful death not only soldier foes, but women and children on unwarlike mail steamers. The while pious, "clean-living," vegetarian clerics tearfully deplore the perils of wreaking "vengeance" on the gentle Germans, and the horrid possibility of "brutalities" by the Allies if they penetrate into Germany.

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APROPOS and by the way—"Only way to finish things up properly, you know," said a distinguished Staff Officer man of my acquaintance, "would be to let the Army loose on 'em—when it gets into Germany—just for a fortnight. No officious interfering with them, no war correspondents, no reports, no *communiqués*. That would be enough."

(*Continued on page 146*)

Dancing Not Now "Verboten"

Sketches by Helen McKie of the dances held at the Grafton Galleries on Thursday afternoons in aid of the Surgical Requisites Association. The new officers-may-dance rule has been quickly taken advantage of, and these dances have become very popular, especially with American officers

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

EXTRAORDINARY the amount of slop—to quote another of Lord Denbigh's words—still being poured out, isn't it? What of this, for instance, that I've just received from a "Chaplain" (who doesn't sign his name)? Shocked to the very core by my mild suggestion that boys will be—er—boys, 'specially flying ones, he perorates parsonically thus: "Do you really think it's wise to encourage these wonderful boys just to spoil everything by loose living? I really think you *must* be a woman after all, for you speak so lightly about things which, if you *really* knew them, you wouldn't chaff about." (What ho!)

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"YOU know they say a man thinks more of a woman's honour than a woman does of a man's. But you really make a big mistake if you think a man cannot be 'gallant without gallantries.' Heaps of them are, for they regard 'gallantries' (which you defend) as simply nasty, undisciplined vice. For goodness sake, if you are a woman, and not a man writing as a woman, *expect* high things from these boys, for, unless you're careful, you'll soon reduce them to Prussian officers—brave, undoubtedly, but filthy in their morals.

卐 卐

"THERE *is* such a thing as a knightly person—gallant and yet chaste. You deny it when you defend their lusts ('loving not wisely but too well' lust). Don't you think you might treat them better than encourage them to vice? Why drag them down, when, without losing any of your sprightliness" (oh, shush!) "you might just keep for them that underlying spotlessness which—in a real man—is the most wonderful and romantic thing in the world. You believe in it yourself, really, I'm sure."

"Laughed still more—I can't think why!"

卐 卐

FEELING that I'd rather like to have an expert military opinion on the subject, I read this moving appeal to half-a-dozen soldier-men who've all been through the war all right, and some of them, alas! badly battered in the process. I'm sorry to say they laughed. And when, as they insisted, I read it again, they laughed still more—I can't think why. Can you?

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FOR my part, I think I shall positively have to take my parson man along one night to the G——n G——s or the A—tt—c or somewhere, just to have a look at these orgies for officers that there's been such a lot of talk about. Because, you know, not really so norribly naughty are these norful norgies of these bold bad bhoys. Or at least not so's you'd notice it—unless, of course, you're looking for "vice."

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AND as for their attendant nymphs—it's the great Hotario B., isn't it, who's so full of fevered flaps about "officers and harpies"?—they're not so bad either, not to the naked eye, anyway, though, of course, there, too, I daresay he that seeketh very hard shall find, as Holy Writ hath it. But taking it by and large, almost domestic, these little gatherings. One just dances, waits for the next dance, and dances again. All quite sedatish and sober, so far as one could see—and didn't look any farther. Didn't occur to *me*, I confess, to suspect the presence of Vice Behind the Veil. But then that's not my business.

卐 卐

THAT'S rather the trouble with some of our mentors, isn't it? That it *is* their business—to find "wrong" where, for the rest of us, there is only human nature. They live in a little world of their own, run on principles propounded by themselves, and carried *nem. con.* because there's no one to contradict 'em. And so when they do happen to get wind now and then of how the real naughty Great Big World *will* keep on turning—well, naturally it's a bit of a shock to 'em.

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IN any case, sad and bad as it may seem, appears we're to have a dancing winter here in London now—don't know whether it's because of the good news, or the new officers-may-dance rule, or because Americans *will* dance. At Covent Garden it's to keep men from temptation that the Opera House is to be thrown open for blameless bunny-hugs and fearless fox-trots. And, doubtless, it's with the same object, too, that Murray's are reviving once more the Four Hundred in Bond Street, with dancing daily and nightly, from 4 to 12.30, and there's a new Ciro's also to be started at the top of the Criterion.

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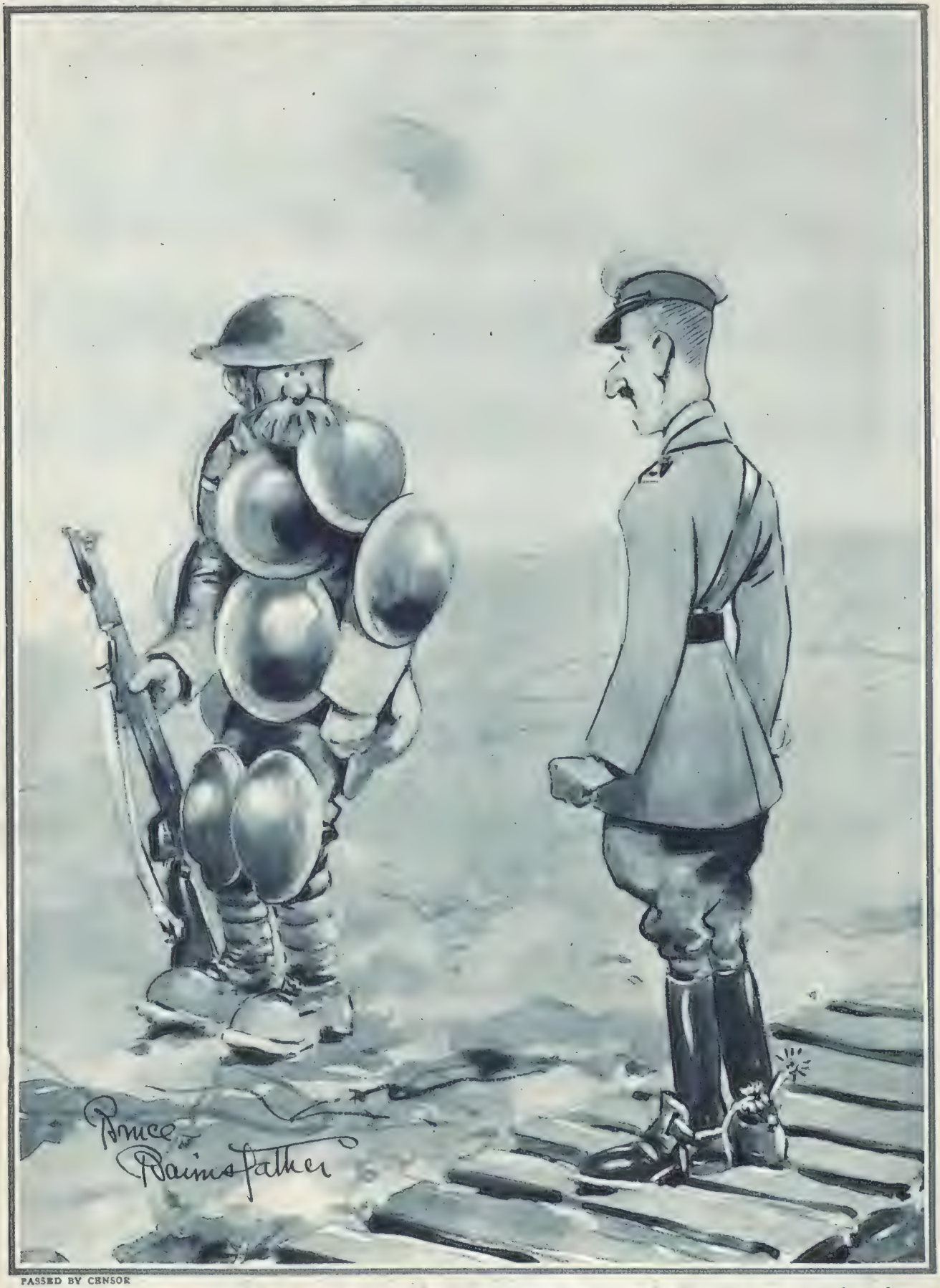
DOES seem a funny mix-up, I confess, with war, and those terrible casualties of ours. But there, nothing if not a whimsical war, is it? Even peace, when it comes—"It will be the saddest day of my life," the mother of three brave sons fallen for England, has just said to me. "Other women's sons coming back and mine lying out there." Which is very wrong, of course, but the price of peace is the same as the price of war, and it's a very bitter one.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

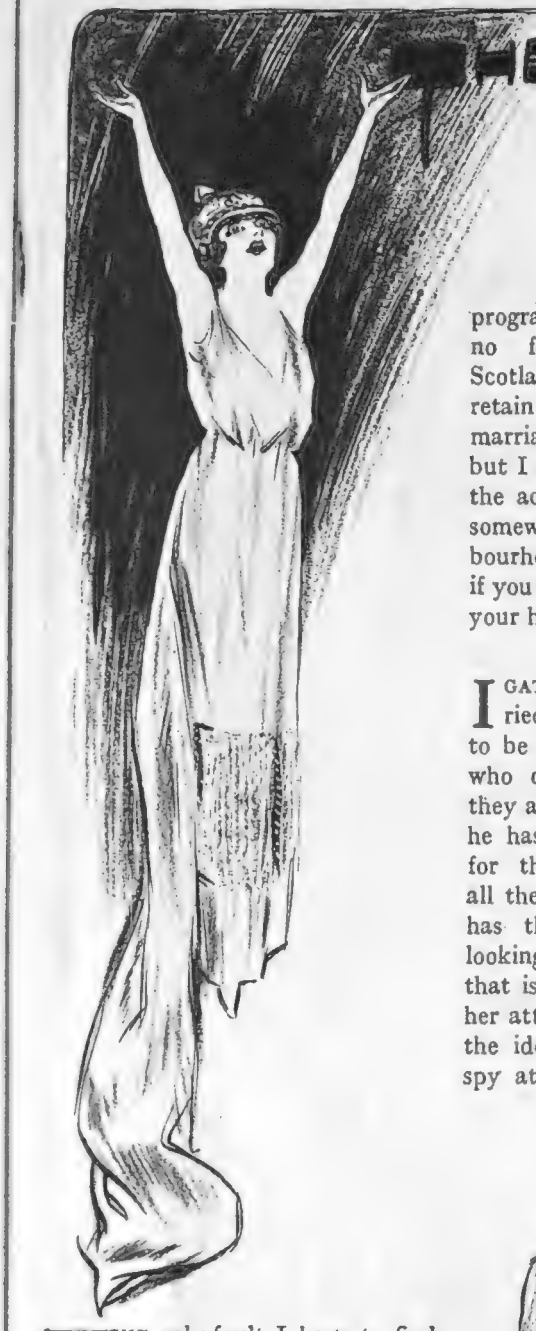
The Best Laid Schemes of Mice and Men—



PASSED BY CENSOR

Old Bill had thought of a splendid idea for the next battle, and, frankly, was rather hurt when a Staff Officer condemned it

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



THE FEMALE HUN

AT THE LYCEUM

By "JINGLE."

ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS BAUMER

THE only fault I have to find with the Female Hun is that we do not see enough of her. She is potted by a pistol shot just as she is beginning to get interesting. The devious ways of the Hun spy are gradually becoming known to us; but the idea that one of them could actually become the wife of one of our generals on active service is distinctly new. Miss Gladys Mason, who plays what there is of the part with great ability, is hardly given a fair chance. In the play she is Grace Pearson, the wife of General Grant, though why she does not take her husband's name on the programme is one of those things no fellow can understand. In Scotland, I believe, married women retain their maiden names after marriage in certain circumstances; but I am under the impression that the action of this play takes place somewhere in England. In our neighbourhood they would sniff dreadfully if you said your name was Smith and your husband's name was Jones.

I GATHER that General Grant married late in life, and, as seems to be the invariable rule with men who do that sort of thing when they are old enough to know better, he has chosen a golden-haired girl for the purpose. I wonder why all the old boys do it. Mrs. Grant has the great advantage of not looking at all like a spy, or anything that is in any way horrid. In fact, her attractive appearance is against the idea that she can really be a spy at all. We first see her at a country house where she is introduced to a company of apparently fabulously wealthy people. I say fabulously wealthy, because during the evening cigarettes are handed round accompanied by a box of real matches. I am not quite sure that it is in the best taste to flaunt one's wealth in the eyes of ordinary people in this way; and there could be no doubt about the quality of the matches because somebody took one and struck it, and it lit first time. The strange sight made one feel as if the age of miracles had come again.

JERROLD MANVILLE AS 'SIR ARCHIBALD BLACKFORD'

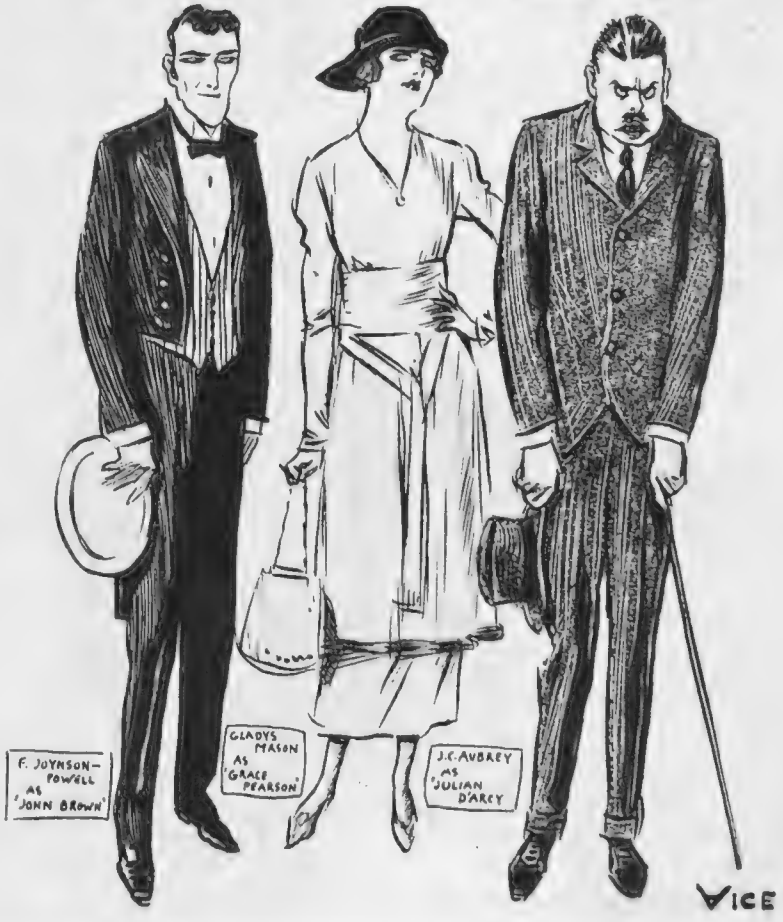
THE end of the first act is quite exciting, coming, as it does, all of a sudden. A gentleman connected with the Secret Service calls at the house and wants to see the General. He is duly admitted, and then, in the presence of the whole company, he points to the General's new wife and says he has come to arrest her as a German spy. Considering that so far the lady had done nothing but look pleasant—very pleasant—it seemed to me that this was rushing things a bit; and when the curtain rose on the second act it was clear that the same idea had occurred to the author, for the whole incident was dismissed as a foolish error on the part of an over-zealous officer. It is true that it gave us a hint of the lady's character; but it is conceivable that this might have been done by less violent means. The General himself thinks no more of the matter. Indeed, he takes some pains to assure his wife that she is the only girl he loves, which in the circumstances is a very proper and correct state of affairs. If a man's wife is not the only girl he loves, he usually does not think it worth while to mention the fact to her.

PRESENTLY there is a trial performance of a new aeroplane,

and we see it travelling across the horizon with agreeable realism. It then appears that the plans of this novelty are kept in a drawer of somebody's desk; and Mrs. Grant, being left alone for a moment, brings a bunch of keys from her pocket and succeeds in opening the drawer and abstracting the plans. Personally, if I had valuable plans I do not think I should keep them in one of those ordinary desks the drawers of which seem to open with any old kind of key. I should put my plans away in some recognised place of safety, such as an old stocking under the bed. As it happens, Mrs. Grant's theft is at once discovered, and the plans are replaced. The fact that she is the General's wife does not, apparently, count for anything in respect of her possession of the plans, though it seems to me that she would not have lost anything by urging that point in defence of her action.

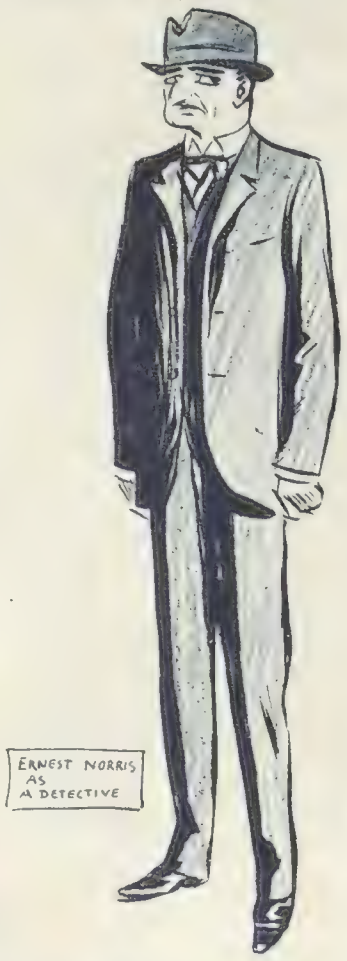
A LITTLE later a great man comes from the War Office to discuss with the General an idea for another new spring offensive. Mrs. Grant says that as business is going to be discussed she will go to bed. Instead she goes and hides behind the window curtains and thus hears every single word of the plan of attack. After the great man has gone the General paces the room, as he imagines, in solitude. But presently he hears a movement, and rushing up to the window he finds his wife there. She might, of course, have explained that she had secreted herself there so as to be near the man she loved; but she is above such petty subterfuges. She tells him right out that she is a German spy, and that she married him only to find out his official secrets for the benefit of the All-Highest. The General's reply is to draw his revolver and shoot her dead on the hearthrug. When people run on to know what is the matter he says in a fine manly tone that raises the enthusiasm of the audience to fever heat: "I have shot a German spy." You could have heard the cheers for miles. As a friend of mine is apt to remark: "That is the—ah—stuff, as it were, to—ah—give them, don't you know."

(Continued on page 150)



LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

In the second act there is a very realistic scene of a German prison camp. This, it is true, has not very much to do with the Female Hun, but it is a very useful piece of propaganda work at the present moment, when our "German brothers" are beginning to protest that they have always loved us for ourselves alone. The lame prisoner who is kicked and cuffed by German officers can unhappily be vouched for by the book, and it can be easily understood that at this theatre the distressing incident loses nothing of its harrowing details. It serves, perhaps, as a useful reminder for a public with a proverbially short memory. When we come to the fourth act, we find it has only a posthumous association with the Female Hun, who was, I suppose, too good a specimen of her kind, and therefore died young. This act is devoted to the rescue of a lady from a German submarine, whither she had been enticed by the agents of the now deceased Female Hun.



The act is quite exciting, but it might have formed part of any play. Somebody learns the signal for which the submarine is looking, and we are taken down to the coast to watch the course of events. There is the sea stretching, as it usually does, far away to the horizon, and all is dark. Then someone flashes a signal with an electric lamp, and after some moments of suspense that seem to be hours, as the novelists say, there is an answering flash from the horizon. Two officers from the submarine land and are overpowered, and two British officers take their places and go in search of the maiden in distress. In the next scene we are on board the U-boat with the distressed maiden praying that help may reach her before it is too late, or something of that sort; and then amid the hearty cheers of the audience we see two booted and spurred feet coming through the man-hole or whatever they call the stairway to the deck of the submarine, and after a short, sharp fight, the horrid Germans are done in and the maiden is saved. The next step is to send out a wireless message for help and to wait for a reply—always a fascinating scene on the stage where electric batteries are available. The rescue is then complete. *The Female Hun* is a nice, exciting play in many respects, but, of course, it would be greatly improved by making it fit its title more liberally. As it is, it reminds one of the famous representation of the play of *Hamlet* in which the Prince of Denmark was omitted from the cast. Still, it is right that I should place on record the fact that on the night of my visit, so far as I could see, the house was crowded in every part, and the cheering was wonderful.

JINGLE

THEIR NAME IS "LEGION"

The Women's Legion have organised themselves to give help in work of national importance wherever they may be required. Here they are shown helping in urgent harvest work, but that is only one of their many activities.

The Victory Smile

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS NANCY LOVAT

Now playing in "The Man from Toronto," which is one of the most brilliant successes of recent years and seems likely to enjoy public favour for many months to come at the Duke of York's Theatre

"Sauve Qui Peut"

By DELL LEIGH

[Feeling that it is time the British Public realised the thought and care which is expended upon the safety of those engaged in conducting the various Ministries, the following (revised) rules for procedure in the event of air-raids is appended for information and solace.—Ed.]

Minutes of Conference held on 2 : 10 : 18, with regard to Air-Raid Precautions. Present: Sir Nozey Parker, K.B.E. (in the Chair).

Major O. Which-Way
Captain U. Whizzbang, F.R.C.S.
Sir Isaac Fearnot, and
Miss Grimface (Women's Welfare Supervisor)

The following arrangements were made after considerable discussion (and some dislocation caused by an unfounded rumour of an air-raid warning), and are notified for the guidance of Emergency Officers:

1. In future, duly accredited Emergency Officers appointed by the Council will, on receipt of Field-Marshal's warning, notify Assistant Emergency Officers, who will, without undue waste of time, find and inform Deputy-Assistant Emergency Officers.

2. Internal allocation of rooms should be in the hands of Emergency Officers, and, generally, arrangements should be made by which each person has a definite place of shelter. Emergency Officers will not, however, exercise their prerogative by affording shelter in their own rooms to selected ladies from other departments.

3. Members of the staff who are away from their own rooms will find shelter with the floor they are visiting. But lady members of the staff will cease from advancing as an excuse for dallying in an officer's room that she has got the Field-Marshal's warning.

4. The steel lifts in the centre of the buildings will cease working on the issue of the warning. These will be used by Heads of Departments only, and will remain in the basement pending the ALL CLEAR.

5. When the barrage has commenced there is no objection to an Emergency Officer placing trestle-tables, bookcases, and papers (other than his own trestle-table, bookcase and papers) against windows to prevent (*a*) fall of flying glass $\frac{\text{and}}{\text{or}}$ (*b*) hysterical desire for egress.

6. If action is taken as laid down in 5, suitable arrangements should be made so that the order of valuable papers is not unduly disturbed. The relative value of papers may be gauged by the length of time they have remained on the table. Papers bearing date three months before receipt of Field-Marshal's warning may be used as packing between trestle-tables $\frac{\text{and}}{\text{or}}$ bookcases, and windows; and the remainder by order of date. Papers bearing more than two "URGENT" slips upon them to be collected by Deputy-Assistant Emergency Officer and put in place of safety, to be selected by him.

[N.B.—A further memorandum will be issued in due course defining the term "suitable arrangements."]

7. Profiting by the result of the rehearsal, and in order that Emergency Officers of all three classes may recognise each other in the performance of their duties, it has been arranged that armlets of three distinctive colours shall be provided. There is no foundation for the statement that gas masks were worn at the last rehearsal but one, which unfortunately took place concurrently with an inspection of buildings by members of the Council.

8. Again profiting by the result of the rehearsal, it has been decided that the eighth floors shall be cleared first, the seventh next, and so on downwards. This may cause some congestion of ladies in corridors, but adequate steps will be taken by the Emergency Officers, as requisite, in this matter.

9. It is notified for information that there are no vacancies for Emergency Officers of either class.

10. Owing to the possible evacuation by the enemy of the Flanders coast, with a lessening probability of air-raids, it may be expedient in the near future to reduce the establishment of Deputy-Assistant Emergency Officers. The corresponding reduction of Assistant Emergency Officers will be governed by geographical conditions prevailing overseas.

Officers concerned will be notified in due course, and, on relinquishing their appointment, will not appear in the *Gazette*.

MAC'S MAXIM

MacSPORRAN (*to MacDougall*): "Weel, Mac, it's us Macs that mak' Max mak' peace!"

DISILLUSION !

" DA

AWN"

Smoke of Battle

By PHILLIPPA SOUTHCOMBE

WHEN, to the haunting, lilting skirl of the pipes, Hector went over the top, he thought for one swift, vivid moment of the brown hills rimming round that corner of the Highlands that held an old white house, the golden autumn woods behind it, wisps of sea mist curling back along the blue floor of the bay below, just as he had seen it last, in the pale sunlight of that October dawn, two years ago. And he ran forward, gallant and cheering, his men at his heels.

But when, five minutes later, with a blurred sense of being on the edge of things, he tried to move and couldn't, his left hand was groping vaguely for the pocket of his tunic, and the white house and brown hills had slipped back into the sea mist.

Odd that a fellow's own pocket should be so confoundedly hard to find . . . For he must find it before . . . With an effort he turned on his side, the groping fingers found their goal, and closed tightly on a thin, crumpled packet. Then the sea mists rolled up again . . . over everything. . . .

Someone spoke out of the mist, hours later—someone with a business-like voice. . . . He said politely that he was quite all right, thanks, and that he'd found what he wanted. He rather wished the business-like voice would go away.

When he heard it again, it held a ring of satisfaction. He must have slept on the moor all night, for now the sun was shining. It shone on a bowl of violets, and on a little sandy-haired man who seemed to think Hector an interesting subject for contemplation. Hector glared back: "Who the devil are you?"

At which the sandy-haired man grinned appreciatively.

"So I did get pipped," said Hector slowly.

Of the roughness of the pipping he heard later. At the moment he was more concerned with the whereabouts of the thing he had found just in time, and which ought to have been in his hand now, but lay instead, crumpled and stained, beside the flowers in the sunshine.

"Hang on to everything as you hung on to that," said the sandy-haired man with a laugh, and put the packet in Hector's outstretched hand.

Which instruction Hector carried out to the letter—for he hung on to life. It took some hanging-on to. At the end of that day the sandy-haired man was looking as grim as his cheerful pink countenance permitted, and he had acquired the information that Hector was, to all intents and purposes, a "lonely soldier." But at the end of a week he was speaking in staccato jerks of admiring satisfaction of Scottish tenacity; and at the end of a fortnight he was swearing immediate despatch of a brief missive transcribed in rather weird caligraphy of Hector's left hand, and addressed by the sandy-haired man himself to "Miss Tempest."

"She'll come," said Hector thoughtfully, and shut his eyes, for that was the easiest way to conjure up a picture of what she was like—the writer of that little packet of letters that he had dragged through hell.

He had never seen her, and her first letter was dated nearly eight months before. But the picture had been definite from the beginning, and somehow hadn't been influenced by the inevitable, elusive progress of their intercourse at all. Starting at first in a half whimsical mood, they had passed to comradeship, and from that—no, it was that still. And she was very real and very dear.

She would come. A brief note said that two days later. It went under Hector's pillow—because there is a charm in the tangible. He had known she would, of course. They had measured comradeship, he and she, and neither of them would ever fail.

The sandy-haired man was turning away after his evening visit when Hector called him back in a voice that held an odd note.

"Am I—am I?" And then steadily: "Give me a looking-glass, please."

The sandy-haired man gave him one glance and complied without speaking, instinctively aware that temporising was futile. Half an hour later he came back to find Hector asleep, and the mirror face downwards beside the pillow. And as he moved it Hector stirred and smiled.

"She—won't mind," he muttered drowsily.

"She wouldn't be worth much if she did," said the sandy-haired man, with an indignant snort.

A sunny morning heralded her coming. Moist sweet scents of autumn drifted in through the open window; outside a robin trilled the ditty that reminded Hector of autumn mornings at the white house in the brown hills . . . What a great old quiet place it was . . . One day—Hector shut his eyes again. It was a will-o'-the-wisp of a dream . . . undefined and elusive . . .

A boyish voice broke in on his reflections. Steps were coming towards his bedside. With an oddly quickened pulse he looked up to see a tall young fellow in khaki. Behind him the orderly said: "Your visitor, sir, Mr. Tempest," and left them together.

Of course there was some mistake! Hector waited for the explanation, holding out his left hand with a determinedly cheery smile. But it didn't come. Dimly he realised that his visitor was explaining the luck with which Hector's letter had coincided with twenty-four hours' leave from camp—it had been sent on there from home—for he was in training now—ready to carry on, you know——

He paused, boyishly, flushed and awkward, and gripped Hector's hand hard. Inwardly he was saying: "He's been bad, by Jove!"

And to Hector came slow, dull realisation of the truth. He fumbled for the letters.

(All rights strictly reserved) (Continued on page 158)

"THE SILENT SERVICE"

"SMOKE OF BATTLE" (*concluded*)

"Did—you—write these?" His voice was unsteady. But he must have certainty. The grey eyes met his squarely.

"Yes—I'm Tempest, you see—Rollo Tempest."

Hector lay back and stared at him—Rollo Tempest, second lieutenant. . . . And his world had fallen to pieces.

Yet he managed to laugh—an odd laugh, of the depths of whose bitterness he was quite unaware.

"How long—did you mean to keep it up?"

"I meant to tell you every time. I did it for a joke at first—you know, because you were so sure I was—a girl. And afterwards—it wasn't playing the game, I know—but I guessed you'd chuck writing when you knew—and I didn't want that because—oh, hang it all, why should we?"

Upon the conclusion of which lucid explanation he sat looking absorbedly at his boots. And Hector, watching the afternoon sunlight fall full on the fair cropped head and brown face, just as it would have on her, called himself a damned fool, and set about reconstructing the world.

The reconstruction, it appeared, succeeded, in so far that when Rollo said good-bye there wasn't any doubt as to the sincerity of Hector's suggestion:

"Look in again, when you have time."

Only, when he had gone, Hector took out the letters and read them through with the grim intention of tearing them up. But he did not. Some odd impulse made him thrust them into his pocket-book instead. They had stood for so much after all—how much he had never realised until now. And out of the shattered dream walked Rollo, very gallant, and boyish, and real.

PHILLIPPA SOUTHCOMBE

REMEMBRANCES

White sails that gleam upon a sapphire sea,
How often we have gazed, my love and I,
Marvelling at the blue of sea and sky,
Our hearts, our very minds in unity.

Those days are gone; and yet in memory
I see again—the past can never die—
White sails.

But now I sing a ceaseless threnody
Upon this theme, as weary days drag by,
My love spends hours a week, which makes me sigh,
Besides my money on—ah, woe is me!—
White Sales!

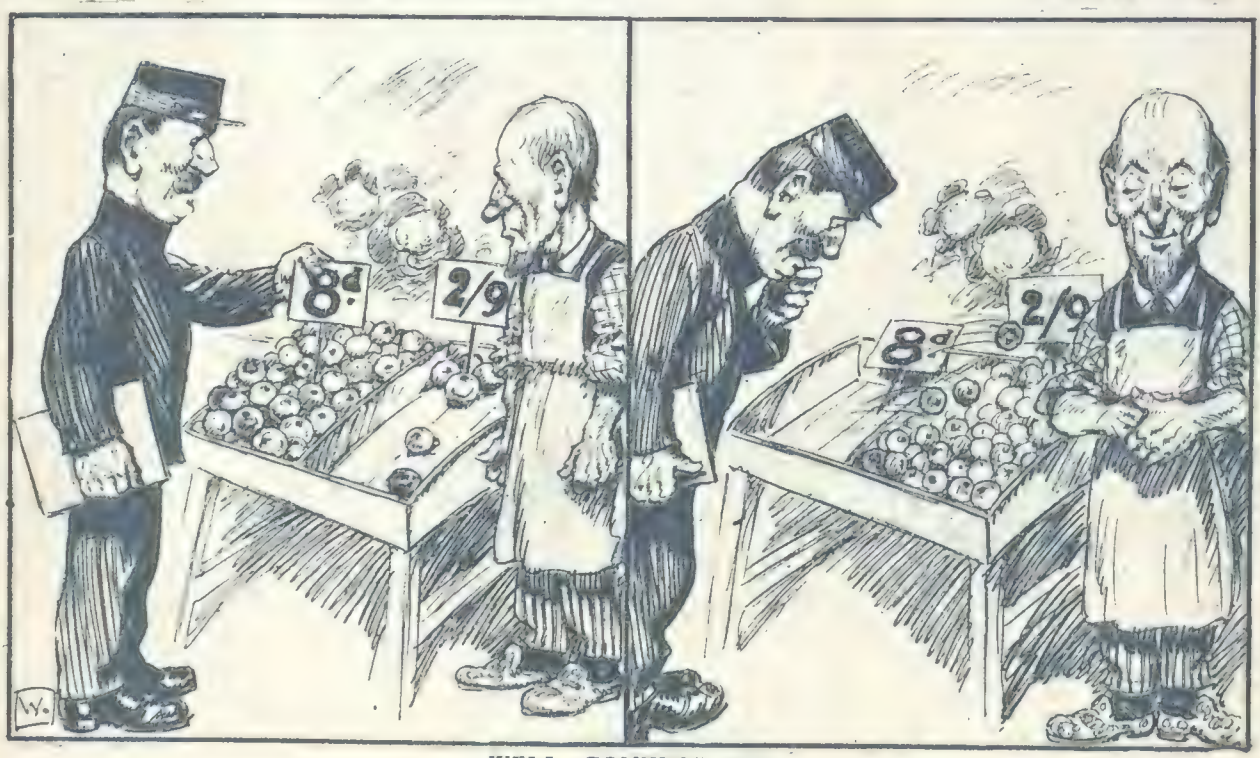
LOST

I did not know until we had to part
How much, how very much, you meant to me!
Now you are gone, and sadness fills my heart;
Life's music is a weary threnody.

Too oft the jewel lying in our hand
Is treated with contempt, is under-prized,
Till it is stolen—*then* we understand
The value that we never realised.

I feel a blank, a void that none can fill,
For I am like a vessel tempest-tossed;
I've searched for you, but the result was nil,
O ration book, that I unwisely lost!

LESLIE M. OYLER.



WELL CONTROLLED

FOOD CONTROL OFFICIAL: "These apples are to be sold at eightpence"

SHOPKEEPER: "Certainly, sir!"

Evacuation!

Official Photographs

The upper picture shows Cambrai on the very morning the Germans were driven out of the city, and in the lower photograph a patrol of the North Lancs are seen marching through the ruined streets. Is this a sample of the goods offered, and what are we to get in exchange?

The Bystander Overseas

Getting Nabbed as a "Slacker"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN NEW YORK

THE Bystander in America got himself nabbed as a "slacker." The story's tedious in itself, but deeply instructive as an instance of Columbia's uncompromising warways.

Slacker-hunting is an outcome of the new Selective Draft Law, which makes liable for fighting all citizens aged between eighteen and forty-five. Everyone—even aliens—must register; and in preparation for Registration Day under the new law, we are having a ruthlessly efficient, inexorably merciless hunt after every man between 18 and 31 who evaded registry under the old law. That is a slacker hunt.

Slacker hunts proceed in all cities. New York's hunt keeps busy 20,000 policemen, soldiers, and detectives, backed by 8,000 volunteers from the "American Protective League." Preparations are vast. The city is mapped out; hundreds of cars for transporting slackers are mobilised; rows of cots are set up in regimental depots; and special telephone wires are laid. The telephones are for the use of arrestees who are not slackers, but are patriotic, duly registered men who forgot to carry their registration cards, and who must telephone to their wives to bring the cards along. The slacker-hunter's *modus operandi* is simple. He hails in street, railway station, or theatre every man who looks between 21 and 31, and demands to see his registration card. If no card is produced, the challenged man is under arrest until he proves that he has one at home. If he has not been registered at all, he is sent summarily as a slacker to a training camp, or—in case he's physically unfit—is put to compulsory Government work at one dollar a day.

On slacker-hunt opening day, the Bystander in America started for town from his Hudsonside villa in merry mood. His aim was to retrieve fifteen dollars owed him by a newspaper. He knew that no slacker-hunter would molest him. Is he not, alas, much older than innocent thirty-one; and does he not carry a British passport testifying to that? But the B. in A.'s suburban railway station was barred by tough soldiers; and stern voices shouted:

"Where's your registration card?"

"I'm over age."

"Then prove it."

The B. in A. flashed out his passport showing that he was born on a dull day of unmentionable eighteen hundred and seventy-blank.

"Pass on!"

Chuckling at his foresight, the B. in A. passed.

In town the slacker-hunt was proceeding. The Grand Central Station's exits were watched, and no young man passed until he had shown his card. At City Hall whole blocks of streets were entirely barred; and to the mob's uncomplimentary chorus "Slacker!" "Loafer!" "Bum!" the cardless were ladled into motors marked "Military Police Patrol Wagon," and driven off. The Bystander in America went to his newspaper office, took out for some reason his pocket-book and passport, received his munificent cheque for fifteen dollars, and departed — *leaving his passport behind.*

Seven seconds later, the B. in A. walked miserably into a slacker trap in Lafayette Street. There seven thick draymen, who all vowed they'd left their cards at home, were being shepherded into a motor furniture van labelled "Military Police Patrol Wagon." The B. in A. looked at them with pity.

"Show your registration card!" suddenly said a raucous voice.

"Over age, old boy!" said the confident B. in A. "Here's my passport with my birth-date." And he dived into his pocket, and with looks of triumph fished out—*a cheque for fifteen dollars.*

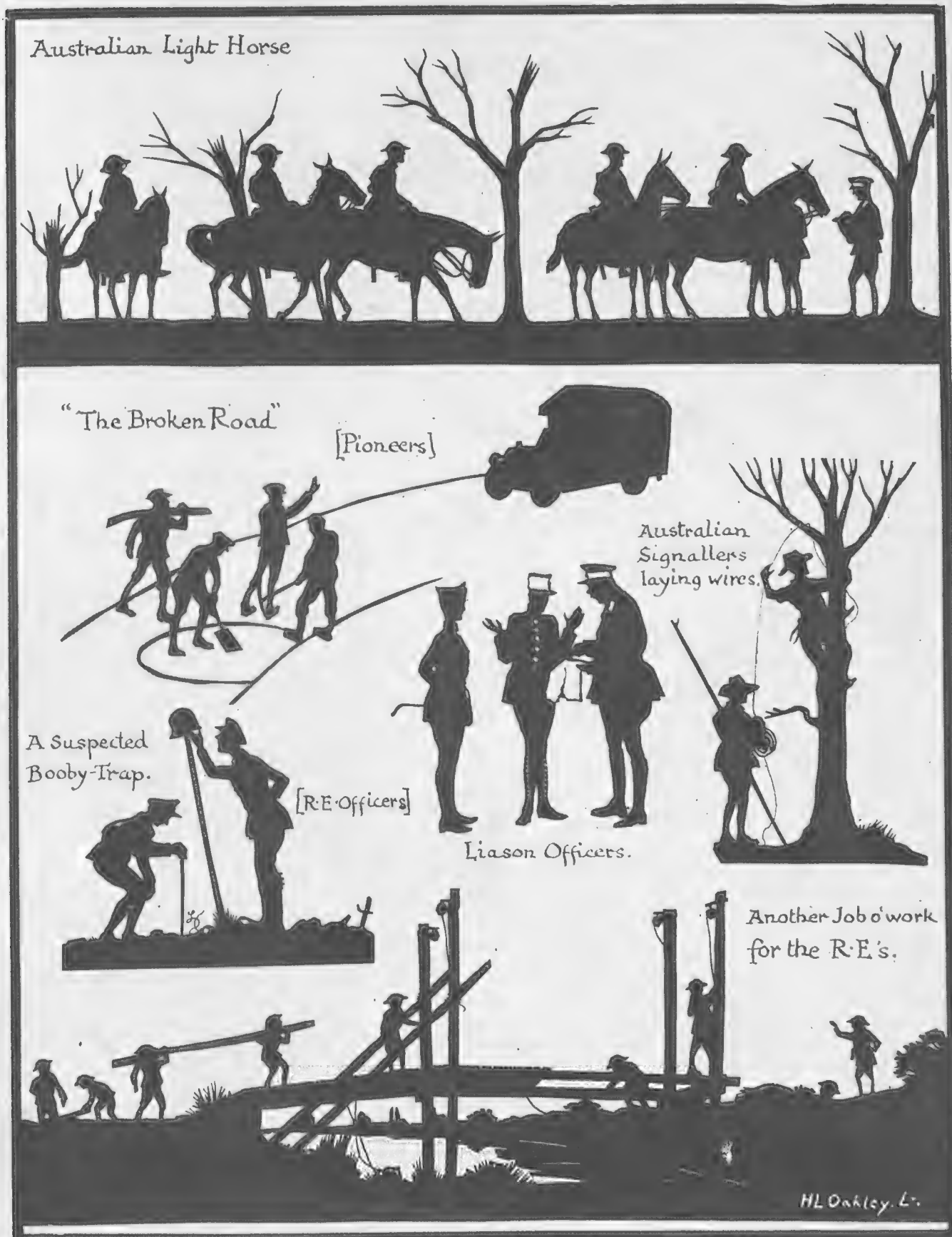
It was no use for the Bystander in America to point to his sparse grey hairs. It was no go. The B. in A. was bundled into the furniture

(*Continued on page 162*)

French Official Photograph

RETURNING HOME AFTER THE GERMAN EVACUATION

Silhouettes from the Somme



PASSED BY CENSOR

When following on the heels of a retreating enemy, there is increased work for all. Here we have a squadron of cavalry returning from close contact with the enemy, a party of Pioneers mending the roads that have been mined, and the R.E.'s making roads and rivers passable. Progress on our flanks is reported by the liaison officers attached, and communication is supplied by the R.E. signallers

van, and with the seven thick draymen was whirled to a castellated edifice of brick and glass—the "Central Sorting Station" on Lexington Avenue. There three thousand slackers pined; and outside clamoured about a hundred wives and sweethearts who, in reply to telephone messages, had brought along the missing registration cards. The "Central Sorting Station" was a slackers' prison; a thousand clean cots filled its dozen big halls; and soon after midday polite policemen came in and fed the slacker animals with coffee, ham sandwiches, and pumpkin pie, "like mother used to make"—the only pie a real American eats.

Gulping down coffee mixed with tears of humiliation, the Bystander in America went through all the formalities He filled up a yellow form with more details about his wretched self than ever, in the piping times of peace, he'd entered in a Prussian *Meldungsschein*. Only at nine in the evening, when his lost passport came from the newspaper office, was he released. When he reached home he discovered with woe that he'd lost his cheque for fifteen dollars. When he told this to his wife, adding that his one consolation for the past day's misery was that America's best age experts had taken him for several decades younger than he is, she remarked with acidity: "A man who loses cheques at a time when sirloin costs nearly fifty cents naturally looks youthful."

IN PARIS

"Do you speak English?"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"To buy for him a hat for his sweetheart"

MES AMIS—

EVERY ONE studies to learn the English. Never has there been so great an industry of the war. In the Metro and the tramway all the girls have their book of the *Premières leçons*, and they learn "I am, I have," only they will say: "I ham, I 'ave." Every morning the newspaper makes a new phrase of English in the *manchette*, and one can so learn five words each day to help the Americans who lose themselves in the Metro.

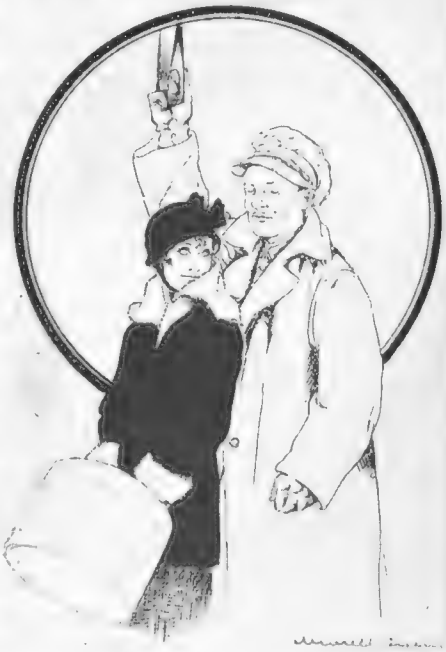
I THINK when the war will be finished every one will speak two and three languages, and it will help so our League of Nations. And do you know, my friends, it is you who learn best the foreign languages? Before the war so many English people have said to me: "We have not the knack to learn languages." It is not true. You were only very lazy and your schoolmasters were very bad. Since the war there are thousands of English men who have learned quite easily to speak French very well.

FOR us it is much more difficult to learn your English, because you have no rules for the grammar or the speaking. And now it is our great difficulty that we begin to talk with the accent of the Americans. There was, for example, little Rose Maret, who has an English nurse. Her mother so wishes that she will speak English well, and the little Rose, who has now eight years, speaks like an English girl. But it has happened that the nurse has made a friendship with a Sammy, and one day Madame Maret has heard her little one practise to say all by herself: "Hello, kid; bully for you. Golly, ain't he just the great guy." Madame Maret got awfully cross, and little Rose is now to have a new governess.

MY friend Jacqueline has told me so funny a story of her experience. She has been for a long time at Biarritz, where have been many American officers on *permission*. And one day when she was swimming she has gone too far and become nearly drowned. The waves were very strong, and she has felt quite suddenly that she has done all that was her possible. "I have made a little prayer to St. Anthony," she has told me, "and I thought how my friends would be all very sad for me, and I too felt very sad. Then I saw how someone was swimming to me.

"I HAVE called out quite loud: '*À mon secours*,' and I was glad, because it was a man who swam very strong and fast. He was come to me just when I had not any more strength. Truly I should in the next minute have drowned. And then he asked: 'Do you speak English?'

(Continued on page 164)



"Their book of the Premières leçons"

"Happy with Either"

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE LITTLE 'UN: "Congrats on your engagement to one of the Perkins twins! But how the deuce do you distinguish one from the other?"

THE BIG 'UN: "My dear old bean, I never try!"

"THE BYSTANDER OVERSEAS" (*concluded*)

"IT was very silly; but I said: 'Only a little, but save me just the same.'" We have laughed at the story, and thought how it was a very funny thing to ask someone who was nearly drowned if they spoke English. But when we have thought of it a second time we have found that the American who was so brave to rescue Jacqueline could not say different. It was not any use to command: "Turn on your back and let me pull you by the hair," which he has done, if he should not be understood.

"'Allez-vous en,' she said, with an accent atroce"

EVERYWHERE it is now the law that the prices in the cafés and the names of the *consommations* shall be written on a big bill in both the French and English, so that our Allies shall not be so much cheated. But in the big shops it is not yet done, and this week of the exposition of the *nouveautés d'hiver* it has been so funny to see in the shops how your soldiers are clever to get what they want to send home for the souvenirs.

THEY are very generous, your soldiers, and send always such good presents to their sweethearts. But I think they have many sweethearts, because there were two Australians whom I have seen, and they bought each six very beautiful blouses of the newest mode, and they made each his purchase in three parcels to send two in England, two in France, and two in Australia. Perhaps it is the best, however, that all the girls should be made happy to receive their present, and they will not know how the others, too, have the same happiness when they are so far apart.

THEY are not all, however, so fickle like that. There was one man of the Lancashire County whom I have seen who had much difficulty to choose what he should send. There were so great crowds making a fight at all the *comptoirs* to look at the bargains. He has been for two hours in the shop when he has heard Marguerite and I to speak English. Then he was very bold, and has asked that we should help to buy for him a hat for his sweetheart.

WE have helped him how much we could, but he had an idea fixed of the kind of hat his sweetheart would wish. Me, I do not know the taste of Lancashire County, but it was a hat which we have chosen only for an actress of a revue. Marguerite says that in Lancashire they have so good courage that the lady will, however, wear it every holidays for twenty years, and it will be famous as the Paris hat.

IT is not always very wise to offer like that to be interpreter. There was one day, for example, that the young Eugène, who speaks very well his English, has seen an old lady of the Y.M.C.A. Américain—sour like the vinegar, he has said—whom he has thought has lost herself. He is very polite, Eugène, and he has asked if he could at all help. She has regarded him so severe. "*Allez-vous en,*" she said, with an accent *atroce*. "If you try to speak to me I will call a policeman."

IT is certainly not worth the trouble to learn the English so to be scolded; but Eugène has had his little revenge, because he has said at once: "Madame, you compliment yourself."

Your friend,
AGNÈS

"Madame Maret got awfully cross"

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Shifting the Prussian Jack-Boot

PASSED BY CENSOR

"STEADY, BOYS—IT'S GIVING!"

Books of the Week

German Prisons

SOMEBODY once wrote a large book on the romance of escapes. It is a pity he did not wait for the war. Material, startling and new, would have been his in abundance. Stories of escape from Germany tend to show the same characteristics, but all hold the same wondrous thrill. A book like Captain Gilliland's *My German Prisons* (Hodder and Stoughton : 6*s.* net) appears at an opportune moment. It fairly makes your blood boil. How anyone in his senses could ever treat the Hun devils as human beings after reading this book passes my comprehension. And yet Captain Gilliland, I suspect, only hints at some of the horrors he was forced to endure. You still meet people who wag their heads sagely and suggest that a returned prisoner is almost bound to exaggerate, but there is no exaggeration in this book—nothing but stark fact, and the continuous thrill. Captain Gilliland may be congratulated equally on his escape and his book.

❋ ❋

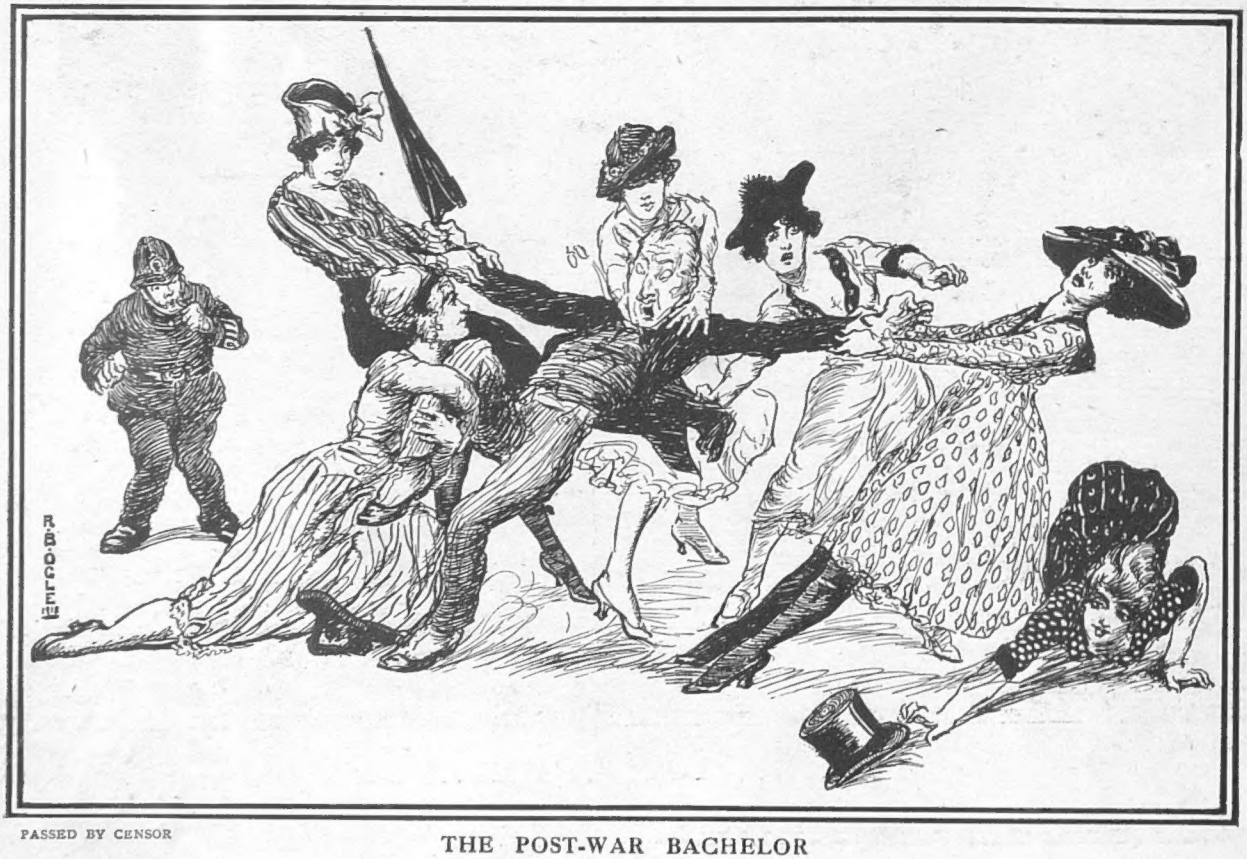
The Rough Road

ONE of the most amusing cartoons of the war showed an innocuous clerk playing dominoes in peace-time and an angry flaming Tommy killing Huns with the keenest relish in war. It was the same man who was shown in both drawings, but you could hardly believe it. I was reminded of this cartoon on reading Mr. W. J. Locke's new book, *The Rough Road* (Lane : 6*s.* 6*d.* net) It is the delightful story of the evolution of a *man*. In peace-time Mr. Marmaduke Trevor, of Denby Hall, consorted with the élite of a cathedral town, collected china dogs, and projected a history of wall-papers. When war came he did not want to go, but go eventually he did—first as the duddest officer that ever poked his high nose inside a mess ; second as one of the most lovable Tommies that ever got a real nice Blighty and retired to a well-earned rest. "Doggie" Trevor, indeed, is to be added to the long list of Lockian heroes, about whom you never really tire of reading, and in his *Rough Road* he became mixed up in an exciting yarn such as Mr. Locke knows so well how to tell.

❋ ❋

The Best in Life

THE girl who isn't quite straight until love shows her her folly is an old character in fiction, but Muriel Hine is too old a hand to follow the well-beaten track. Her new novel, *The Best in Life* (Lane : 6*s.* net.), may strike you as somewhat improbable, and it is a pity perhaps that the hero has been decorated with the inevitable V.C., but Isoël Dark's adventures are not quite of the usual sort, and you wait eagerly, though patiently, for the time when those silly mistakes of hers will be blotted out. You see, like so many other girls with small purses, she wanted to have a good time. As luck would have it, she found something that belonged to a South African millionaire and returned it. Result—a free ticket to Venice (before it was bombed), and an adventure. With Muriel Hine you may be sure of a good story, and here it is—with quaint bits of character like the mannish Judy Dalgleish (only she wasn't really so mannish when you come to think of it) and the ineffable Phipps, who ought not to have been in Venice at all. R. S.



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A Motor Note

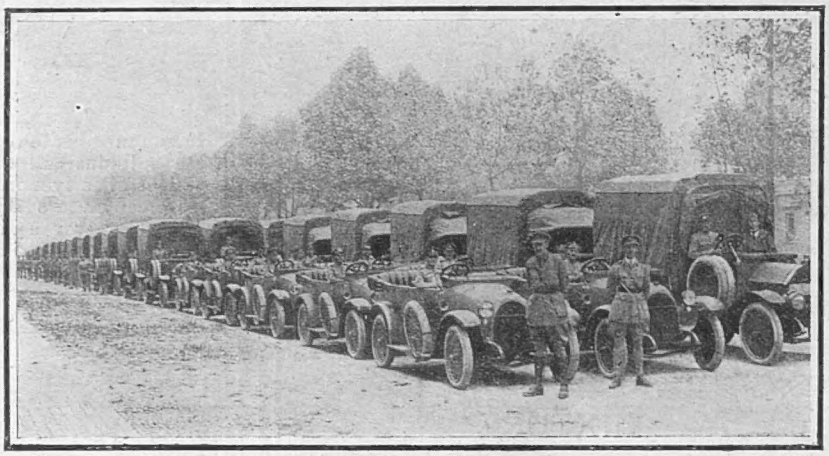
NEARLY the whole of the original American vote of 124 millions for aircraft has been wasted through "profiteering and inefficiency." Aeroplane production was given to "automobile manufacturers who knew nothing about the problems of air navigation"—and so on.

* * *

ODD that the alleged reasons for the unsatisfactory results of our essays in aircraft at the start should be the exact opposite. We "did not encourage the private manufacturer." We built up the Royal Aircraft Factory. And so we had waste and inefficiency. That is *our* story. In America they encouraged the private manufacturer with 124 millions; and so they had waste and inefficiency—plus profiteering!

* * *

MANUFACTURERS of motor passenger vehicles in the United States have been rationed in steel. Their output has been limited to a maximum 25 per cent. of their 1917 quantity. As a matter of fact in at least one of the largest cases the output of these vehicles is down to 10 per cent. of normal. Thus is the war "being brought home" to American motoring. By the time it reaches our high standard of intimacy with war effects it will be making no passenger cars at all. But unless the materials of construction wholly disappear, I do not think America is likely to touch our record in this direction. America has a livelier sense of the utility value of a passenger car.



FIAT MOTORS

An example of international unity on all fronts, small in itself, but none the less important, is shown in the above illustration, where a convoy of Fiat touring-cars and lorries, in charge of British officers and British soldiers, is about to leave Turin for that portion of the Italian front held by British troops

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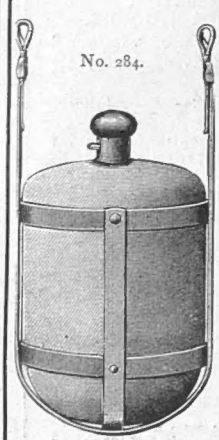

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